Journal

of a Memorable Journey

From White-Water, Ohio.

to New Lebanon. N. Y.

Taken by Hannah R. Agnew

when 16 years of age.

In the Year 1836.

Various Items

of different Descriptions

Written on various Occasions

and at different Dates.

For Edification

and future Reflections.

By Hannah R. Agnew

of New Lebanon

In the Spring of 1836, on as fine a morn as ever dawned; upon the bloom-ing hills of White Water with a bursting heart & a tearful eye; I gazed with a deep & heavy sigh, and reluctantly bade a long farewell, to the beautiful home I loved so well. The home of my childhood.

In company with Elder Archibald and others, piloted by Br. Ashbel Kitchel we bent our course toward Union Village, & on the evening of the same day arived safely there, April 30th 1836.

We made a general visit thro out the Society; & on the 9th of May, I started for New Lebanon; in company with Brothers, Stephen Wells, Daniel J. Hockins, Abner Beadle; & Sister; Joanna Kitchell. Elder Archibald, Eldress Betsey, Br. Ithamar Johnson, & others, journeyed with us untill about noon: then in the wilderness of Ohio, on the beautiful banks of the Miami we partook a solemn passover!

Ah! whose pen can portray the scene? whose heart imagine, or whose

language describe the feelings of that heart? (not mine)

Gaily shone the noonday sun;—
Sweetly the lark & wood bird sung;
But there was a heart which in sorrow beat
Parting with friends no more to meet!

The struggle was severe, but soon over; farewell farewell was the "lonely sound" and we started on our way, often looking back with a tender regard, & a kind wish, toward those dear friends whom we had left forever!

We directed our course toward Circle Ville about 11 miles distant from Union Village in order to go from thence to Cleaveland by way of canal.

Over the hills & the valleys we journeyed along; Sometimes silent & sometimes with a song; Sometimes with a smile, But oftener a sigh; And a tear, a <u>bitter tear</u>, would ocasionly fall from this poor child's eye!

At length night overtook us;— the evening was beautifully serene;

and about sunset, we arrived at an extensive prairie, which made the scene still more tranquil, and gave full scope to the vivid imagination of the young mind, and delicate heart, already bleeding if not broken! Away in the distance, was a dense forest, the only music resounding therefrom, was the lonely cry of the desolate hooting Owl! (Sweet and plaintive notes for the home sick traveler!)

Forbid, Kind Providence, forbid that the tender heart of Gods Creation, should ever again be pained, as one was wont to be, on the memorable eve of May 9th. 1.8.3.6.

It was quite late before we found nights lodging. — public houses were generally scarce, very small, & always full without us.

Jeanna & myself became so weary the brethren concluded they had better put up at a private house, if such a thing could be found. We soon arrived at one, which was very small & extremely dirty!

It was now quite late and all the company would have been glad to put up for the night; but it appeared evident that we could not all stretch our selves in this little sty; so Stephen Abner & Henry Valentine (Henry was driving our baggage team) concluded to go on & leave Daniel, Joanna & I, to do as best we could.

It so happened, the old folks had gone out to spend the evening with a near neighbour; Three or four little dirty fellows stood in the chimney corner gnawing a bit of bread, or something very near like it. — Daniel told them to run and inform their parents of our arrival. One of them scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him, while the remainder gave us some chairs; and then as if paralyzed, stood in silent amazement, & gazed right strait at us, untill the old folks came.

I suppose it was altogether a new drama; if not for them I am sure it was for me. However

we had a "laughable time out".
Daniel put his best wits in operation, to get up a little sport, or a cheer, for the home-sick & weary. — He was well posted in the business, for the first sight, & salutation of the house-keeper was sufficient to start upon. Daniel informed her that we had traveled all day, were very weary, & would be glad of a little tea! To this she replied, "I have not a bit in the house! He then asked for some coffe, the response was, I have none browned! but, said she, if you can wait, I will brown some.

We saw so little prospect of sleeping we concluded we might as well sit in the chimney corner, & wait for coffee, as any thing else. — She then mustered around among the pots & kettles till she got the frying-pan full of coffe on the fire. — The little boys, (who shewed by their training, that they were all the girls she had,) strove hard to lend a helping hand. The youngest one in particular, was very active: as soon as the coffee was well browned,

he got the hand mill, seated himself by the fire, & commenced grinding with all possible speed. shewing a deep interest for the hungry guests. Joanna & I, were solemncolly; but Daniel was so good natured, & full of fun, that he soon got the little boys in fine glee. and the old woman, who had been rather out of sorts, began to look quite pleasant, & seemed highly interested with her weary strangers.

She made us a very good cup of coffee, but I am persuaded from her appearence, & the dark shade of every thing around her, that it was a mazin dirty mess! She pulled up the little black greasy table, sat on some dishes, & invited us to sit up. We spread our victuals & seated ourselves

The poor hungry cat, desirous of sharing our repast, came also, & made a desperate effort to reach the best place on the table. By this time the pious house-keeper, concluded that the boys had better run up stairs to bed. But I am seriously afraid

there was not a scrap of a bed up there! They seemed very reluctant about going, altho it was then nearly 10 oclock. However, they all disappeared, before we got away from the little black table.—

But mind you, there were five more of us remaining in the corner, & only 2 beds for us to lodge in! One of the beds, considering all things, was tolerably de-cent: to this, Leanna & myself were directed, How Daniel was coming out, was something of a query; but we finally concluded to leave him siting on the hearth with the old man & woman & try the quality of our couch.— We were favoured with an old raged curtain, behind which we could crawl, & then peep thro the holes, to watch the next movement.— There was still another bed; but it looked rather small for three persons to lodge in, & three there were yet siting on the hearth. Finally the bed was torn assunder, & one half laid on the floor, while the other remained on the stead, for the accom-odation of poor tired Daniel.—

Now good reader I shall have to do as "Jack Downing" said, (Skipit) for if I should tell you the particulars of that nights loffing, you would consider me rather wild, & I fear almost immodest. Suffice it to say; we went to bed late; arose early, left the old folks in bed, & departed in peace. we all lodged in one small room! I do not say slept, for we knew but little about sleep that night. —

Tue 10th. With the first appearence of day we were again on the move, in search of our company; we had not proceeded far, when to our joyful surprise we saw them eloping from just about as splendid a hotel as the one from whence we had taken our urbane egression a few minutes before.
When each had told his story, it was quickly ascertained that we had all been honored, with very rare entertainment.

We journeyed on to a little Town, called Washington; stoped at a small tavern & took breakfast. About noon, by the side of a beautiful stream, upon the green turf, amid the early spring flowers, the humming of bees, and the singing of birds in the wilderness bowers; we regaled up on good Shaker cake, with a little cracker & cheese, & a cooling draught from the flowing rill. The company were all very pleasant & cheerful & enjoyed the repast most agreeably.— and why not? They were soon to embrace their dear friends, at their long loved homes. But alas! one there was, in the circle, whose situation was reverse. Over the hills & far away was the fond home of her childhood & youth. and the young heart yet lingered there. The parting sighs had scarcely gone by; and the lonely sound, "farewell farewell," still echoed with a deep response.

Ah! none but those who've felt the smart
Or drank the bitter wine.
Can know the joys of a Home Sick Heart
With pleasant sorrow combine.

We reached Circle Vill, about 4 oclock this evening; find a couple of the Brethren with Daniels Durham cattle, waiting our arrival. We all stay in the Circle over night.

Wed-11th Boat off for Cleaveland early this morning; we were not apprised of its departure, untill under way, some 9 or 10 miles. However, one of the Brethren started off on horse back, & soon overtook said boat.- The Captain agreed to take us on board. The messenger returned in haste; we got up our carriage, & put ahead, with all possible speed. We soon over^took^ Captain Demming & his crew; (the Captain was cousin to Elder Nathaniel, of Hancock) This looked like a dreary hole for me to inhabit; but alas! I had left a pleasant home, & in order to obtain another, I must pass thro many perils, by sea, & by land; Now we must part with our good brother Henry Valentine; who has borne us company, ever since

we left Union Village; & has spared no pains to make our way easy, & our souls happy.— The last Western friend is departing, from my view; & the last long farewell is faintly dying away!

My soul, & my body, are both sick; & I have hid under the little dirty bed quilt!

Our Boat sailed, or drag, on to Columbus, & lay all night; this was done for the accomodation of the Captain, not the crew; for in the scrape, we lost 22 hours of our precious home-sick time.—

Thr. 12th. Early this morning, the boat must stop, in consequence of a serious brake in the Canal; distressing indeed! It so happened, we were in a very remote part of that Princely state, (Ohio) surrounded with a wide spreading forest.— we strove to be as quiet as we could well be in a hot frying pan.— Jeanna & I, spent most part of the day, in sewing, &c. Toward evening, we

walked in to the woods, & gave vent to the bursting heart

Home, sweet home! I love thee still;
I left thy charms with out a will.
I've bid adieu to all thy joys
And sadness now my time employs.

Night has again over taken us, & here we are, right where we were this morning. Some are cross, others are very near cross, & there is not one who likes it.

Fri 13th. About 2 oclock this morning our boat is again under way, & the passengers begin to look a little better; as for myself. I dare say I look quite as well as I feel— for I am home sick enough to be thrown in to the canal.

Sat 14th Jogging along with out much animation; we have 2 children on board, who make all the music necessary, excepting now & then, Br. Abner & Sis. Joanna gives us a few sweet notes which causes perfect silence to reign through the vessel, & every passenger looks, solemn, yet they appear greatly delighted, with the Shaker Harp.

Last evening about sunset, we all went on deck, seated our selves, & commenced viewing the land scape, & conversed on passing events; we had not sat long, before nearly, or quite all the passengers were seated near us. They thot we had gone up to sing, but as we moved along for some time, with out any music, they began to leave us, & go to bed.— It so happened, there was a grave old high Sherif on board; & he always made it his aim to fall in to our company, when he handsomely could.— It was now getting late; everything was still, & serenely calm. the Sherif began to conclude he must hear a Shaker hymn, before he could go to rest; he very politely asked us to sing one, if it was agreeable to our feelings. We complied; Abner struck the hymn entitled Vain World. Those who had gone to bed, quickly aroused from their slumbers, & came scampering out like so many mice; one poor old woman was so enamored, that she came with her night cap on! We sung several hymns, & a short anthem or two.— At the close of our meeting the Sherif &

-thers thanked us very cordially, & we retire to rest; - to our little plank beds. -

Sab 15th And where are thy blessings?
thou sabbeth of rest.
We find them not here, in this old floating nest
We have nothing to cheer us, & not much to sadden
And we've not a friend near us, our spirits to gladen
We have left them behind, in the far lovely West
May heaven protect them, & God ever bless. -

Mon 16th Get up this morning as usual, with dull heads, & heavy hearts.
I suppose there are many pleasant & interesting scenes ahead; we have not found them yet. -

Tue 17th We arrived in Lock Port soon after breakfast; our boat had to pass 17 locks in succession. which occupied nearly 2 hours of time; the passengers left the boat, & rambled along at their leisure. - All our company got off, excepting Daniel; he was unwell.
We walked thro the Town, & entered a beautiful woodland, beneath a towering

rate, we sat down. — Stephen, Abner, and Joannia, smoked their dear old pipes, while I gathered flowers, & "sung thus."

" Little tiny woodland flower
Parting scenes were never thine!
Brilliant rays, & balmy showers
Round thy petals daily twine.
But the hand which now enfolds thee
Trembles with a parting fear!
And the eye that now beholds thee
Is bedew'd with parting tears!
Thou hast bloom'd & lived in pleasure,
Handsome form, & radiant dye. —
But alas! thou hast no treasure;
And in dust thou soon must lie!
I was formed for something greater,
Therefore I must toil & weep!
Praying to my just Creator
To protect me o'er the deep. —
Thou wast made to adorn the landscape
I, to praise my God above. —
At pensive eve, & solemn daybreak
Let us each our gift improve".

"To the flowers of Lock Port."

The Captain's little son, about 4 years of age, was in our company; his infant heart, was as light & gay as a new born butterfly; & as such, he flew from flower to flower, nipping with his tiny fingers, those best suiting his taste, & presented them to the home sick, looking as if he understood the heart was sad, & he would fain cheer it with the beauties of God's Creation. Thus we spent an hour or two in the fresh air, & returned again to the boat, finding our selves in better health & spirits than when we left. —

Wed. 18th This morning, we find our selves in Cleaveland. — about 7 miles from North Union; a little be fore noon, we are all landed safe in Shaker Village, & meet a most cordial reception. And indeed we are glad to leave the old Canal boat, & all its crew! Altho I suppose they are as good as common. —
Our Captain is a kind hearted sort of a man; yet he is a little

to fond of wine & wo!! Our cook is a young woman, about twenty two years of age.— she is a rousing slut. some one beside me, has to eat her nasty messes, or else they stay where she puts them. Poor girl she is to be pittied; I fear she has been left without a Mother to instruct her.— at any rate, her condition at present is a sad One. she is already exposed to the public eye; "and I darn't say the worst out." However she has a negro boy for an assistant, & they are both very respectful to the Shaker comp^y.

The boy generally takes the bell in his hand, at meal time, & runs to our cabin, & invites us to go & be seated before he rings; so we have a first rate chance to eat if we will; we still have a few shaker crackers & a little cake; this is good enough for me; without the canal-chickens, or fish. Our cabin passengers are all tolerably deacent. one of the elderly ladies strives very hard, to steal my affections, & draw me after her; thinking perhaps that I am on the wrong road to glory. However I am safe enoug yet.

Th 19th. We are now enjoying a delightful & interesting visit at North Union. to day we visit the first family, & walk around the Village.

Fri 20th Go to the 2nd family, recieve many hearty welcomes both in songs & dances; find many honest hearted souls, where ever we go. —

Sat 21st Visit the school family & find a very interesting company of youth & children; I pray heaven they may grow up in the nurture & admonition of the Lord! —

Sab 22nd Spend the day as is usual for visitors; have a blessed good time, both in meeting & out.

My soul is fed & refreshed with the good things of God. — It seems more like living, to be here, with our gospel friends singing & dancing, than it did last sabbath, to be shut up in that old canal jail, surrounded by Sodomites & hittites. —

I shall never forget my dear

friends at North Union, time nor space can never seperate us.—
Oh! we shall meet in a better land
And never part again.—

Mon 23rd. Start for Cleavland and arrive there about 10 oclock A.M. but alas! the morning boat had gone out, & we were obliged to wait till 8 in the evening.— we then go on board the majestic steemer "Charlestownsend" the largest boat wont to sail on those blue waters. It commenced raining about 9 Oclock; the wind blew violently & the Captain began to fear lest he should loose his vessel; & concluded to enter the nearest harbor.— Many sick heads sick hearts & pale faces presented themselves over the spittoons.— shivering, vomiting & groaning as if the last hour had come.
Between 1 & 2 oclock the wind abated & we saild again.

Tue 24th rather dull this morning we have rolled & tumbled all night excepting when we were amusing our selves with

the odd manuvers of the poor sick crew.
For my part I was careful to keep on my little plank bed, with my head stuck fast to the old flat dirty pillow; lest I should get besmeered. for the contents of the stomach &c were flying in every direction.
the wind is yet high, the weather cold & rainy & we "have to stop again", in consequence of rough lake.—

We 25th: we are still ploughing the blue waters; the weather is moderately fine this morning, & if every thing happens that should, & nothing that should not, we shall find our selves in Buffa low, to night. Some of the passengers are very sick yet, & I am sure there is nothing here to cure them; now & then, Joanna & I gives them a sweet shaker song, which seems to do them the most good of any thing.
At 4 oclock. P.M. we land safe in Buffalow.— Take the packet Monroe on the Erie Canal.— we have no spare room I can asure you; men, women & children, of several "degrees & skips."—

Some in silks & satins, others in rags & tatters! One poor old woman has a very distressing time out. She has 2 little squalling creepers by her side, & the third one is missing! The good woman fears the boat will sail ere she makes her appearance. She runs from window to window crying out, "Abby Ann, Abby Ann! where is she? I dont care if you are lost! You had no business to leave me!" Then back she comes; the little fellow in her arms, squalling as if he had been stationed at the helm as "chief trumpeter". Then away she goes again, echoing loudly, Now you Abby Ann why dont you come along? it is nearly time to start; & where are you Abby Ann? By this time the other young one cries aloud for Mother; and to be sure here comes Abby Ann, scampering along as good natured as you please, but she has to take a sound one you may depend. but she dont appear to care a straws weight for all her mother says. — Beside the three children, there is a little puppy in the nest! the poor unfortunate

creature gets many a kick, which makes him howl most sonorously!

Th 26th. Here we go, amid children & puppys, who squall & fight, scratch and bite, with much pleasure, & great leisure. — One of our respectable passengers, ever & anon, gives us a soft note from his flute; which is quite acceptable, & makes time pass more agreeably. — the day is dark & dreary; & the best we can make "out" is quite bad enough.

Fri 27th. This day completes the 16th year of the "homeless Child." will it ever be forgotten? a throbing heart, & trembling voice, answers Nay! Never!

Between 2 & 3 o'clock this morning we arrive in Lyons, & leave the boat with the idea of going to visit our friends at Sodus Bay; but finding the roads almost impassable in consequence of heavy rains, we concluded to take the next suitable boat, & make another push for New Lebanon

About 2 o'clock P.M. go on board the line boat "Sovereign." commanded by Capt. Vedder; a distant relative to our Vedder family.—

His wife is a nice sort of a woman; very kind & obliging: she does the cooking, for all the crew; & gets up her cookery in most excellent style. There are only 3, cabin passengers, beside our selves; no children! Things go very well to day, considering.

Sat 28th. Brother Abner is quite sick this morning. & Joanna is about to give him a vomit. The little boat is gliding along very quietly up on the silent waters, & Abners head is out of the window, throwing up the contents of his stomach to a great rate.—

One fellow who is always ready for a joak, cries out, "halloo boys, that gentleman is monsterous sea-sick!

Sat 29th. Abners health is improving this morning: & we hope he will reach New Lebanon in fine spirits.—

we were hindered about an hour this morning, by getting stuck between 2 boats, which lay on either side of the canal.

Boats are continually passing; & we might well think that we are about to meet every boat on the Erie Line. And they make sad "work out". It is now about 10 oclock. & we are fast again! and such "quarling" as there is among the Captains, cant be beat. — it near upon frightens me, for I am not used to such doings; these big scary words, make my young heart tremble. 2 oclock P.M. we have got loose again, & are passing Utica, a very splendid City —. — This is the 3rd Sabbath since I left "Home". first at Union Village, 2nd North Union & 3rd on the Erie Canal. I think we have passed more than one hundred boats to day! I have not counted them, altho I tried a while, & got discouraged as did the Indian, who undertook to asertain the number of inhabitants in London

Mon 30th. This morning we met

with a little accident, which caused some excitement among the passengers.— while crossing the Canajoharie River, the water flowed in such rapid motion, that it was impossible to manage the boat; it got to going down stream a little too fast; & as we entered the lock, instead of sailing immediately in, we struck on one side, with great violence.— knocked down the glass lamp, & broke in many peices; racked the boat most sadly, & scared many of the passengers out of all manner of colour. There was considerable confusion at first, some hard words, &c; but we soon got quiet again; for it so happened, the crew consisted of respectables.

Shortly after this we met another boat, & a raft of timber; one on each side of us, & of course the space for our boat to pass, was rather limited.— Captain Vedder cried "clear the way!"— The raft was immidiately put as close to shore as possible— but the Captain of the

boat, was a little obstinate, & paid no attention to our Captain. Peddler then cried out, "wait till I pass or I will sink you!" but he halted not a morsel, & soon the 2 boats met, with a crush; ours was a newly constructed one, the other was a poor old scow; & the bow of it, was knocked to piecies immediately! The Captain used hard language, hurried to shore, & footed it, on to the Village, a few miles ahead.— & sued our Captain for damage. Soon we arrived in town, & found the old scow Captain & an officer, there waiting to meet us.— But sure enough, our Captain was not to be found! the boat was searched but all in vain; the officer took the mate, & all hands, even the poor little driver was called for, & of course our boat must stop.— & here we lay 9 hours, waiting for our boats crew to attend court! You may guess how we felt, the day was cold & rainy; & we were not joging along toward New Lebanon, but sitting

in the old muddy canal, waiting for men of sense to quarrel about a floating scow. — & such language as they use! Oh! it is to bad to mention Rather hard times for an innocent child, who has scarcely reached sixteen, & never before slept out the sight of her Fathers chimney smoke!

White Water, with regret I view,
Thy quiet, peaceful shore;
And can it be, I've bid adieu,
To thee for ever more?
O heaven, grant, that this sad heart
May there rejoice again.
And may those friends, with whom I part
Till my return, remain. —
"New Lebanon," I long to see
Thy sweet sequestered bower;
This world is quite too sad for me;
I loathe it every hour. —
Hast thou a resting place for me,
Or must I longer roam?
O can I ever repose in thee
And feel that I'm at home?
Ah! many a bitter tear must flow,
For those I've left behind
And many a wearied hour of wo —

Disturb this youthful mind.—
But time, "tis said", will blunt the edge
Of the deepest sorrows known;
Then why thus grieve, for those I leave?
Since I am going home.—
That talked of home I've never seen"
Friends there I've never known
And thus I grieve, for those I leave;
. . . .
For I cannot live "alone."

Tue 30th We arise this morning at 4 oclock & for the first time since we left Ohio, we behold the rays of the rising sun! we have had very sour weather, for several days past.— We reach Schennectady a little past 9 oclock, & enter the half way station, between Schennectady & & Albany, about 10.— Here we have to part with our good Deacon Daniel; he goes on to Albany, to get his cattle; Stephen goes on foot to Watervliet to announce our arrival.—Abner, Joanna & I, stay in the depo, waiting anxiously to see some of our friends, of whom we have heard so much.—

Shortly they arrive with two carriages; one for the living, the other for bagage.- About one o'clock P.M. we were safely landed at the 2nd family; (Watervliet) We were kindly recieved, & made heartily welcome to the home of the Orientals.-

After a short & sweet refreshment, we visit a little among the Sisters; Paulina Bates, (deaconess of said family) & myself, take a short ramble in the pine woods & gather wild honey suckles &c.-

There is every thing done, for the "Home Sick Child."
But the heart most sadly aches!
Methinks dear friends, tis not worth the while
(For me,) such pains to take.
Ah! let me weep! tis bitterly sweet!
Yea let me sigh "alone".
O let me be, where none can see,
While I think of my friends at "home".

We. June 1st. Go to the Church, & spend the day very agreeably; This evening Br Daniel Crosman, arrives from New Lebanon with the idea of conveying us thither.
The pulse is quick, the heart beats high:
And sleep hath departed from mine eye.-

June 2nd. A beautiful morning; & we start onward, to that much thot of, & long talked of Paradise. (New Lebanon)

Between 3.& 4. oclock, we find our selves comfortably seated in the office of said place; surrounded by many near & dear "friends," singing dancing, shouting & leaping for joy! while the dew-drops of sorrow, fall silently from the eye of One whose heart is not where she is."

Whose tender sensibilities, can be aroused enough, to read the sentiment of that youthful stature now standing amid strangers, in a foreign land?

"Deep sorrow hath no tongue!"

Farewell,
Hannah

To her friends.

N.B. Here endeth my story; & tis not worth telling;
(But you axt me to do it
And I did it quite willingly

New Lebanon
1.8.3.6.

The following lines were sung by a band of sweet musicians in the assemblage of Saints, on the evening previous to my Departure. April 30th 1.8.3.6.

Last Farewell

Farewell Sister Hannah, the time has now come
To take your long journey to New Lebanon
Farewell you must say to your Dear Western friends,
Tho the Lord takes away, his strength he will send.—

Be cheerful & bear it our calling is pure;
We'll all meet together, if we will endure.—
Our hearts are united to those who're before
And tho they may cross us, will love them the more!

So now take our love from both aged & youth,
For we freely give it indeed & in truth;
We love faithful souls who the same cross do bear,
And our gospel union they freely may share.—

Louisa.

Those sweet Lyric strains will never be forgotten; they are as fresh in my mind, as tho it were yesterday that I heard those soft accents.

ha.

The following lines were read in answer to the preceding; in the same assemblage; by
Brother Ashbel Kitchell.

Sorrowful Parting

Farewell loving friends in the West!
Away to the East I must go.—
Where Mothers good children are blest,
And blessings eternally flow.—

O! how shall I part with those friends
Who have nursed me in childhood with care?
And how shall I e'er make amends
For favors so many & rare?—

Good Elders, I love you most dear;
My Brethren & Sisters also;
I thank you for your tender care
And from you I never would go.

But time cannot sever, nor space seperate;
Our hearts are united as one:
The Mountains are high & the waters are great,
Yet o'er them our spirits can run!

O grant me your prayers, night & day,

That in safety I still may remain;
And ere many years roll away
Lord, grant ~~that~~ us to all "meet again."

Tho many long years may roll on,
And many deep sighs may be given;
And many of you may be gone,
Away to your mansions in heaven

Before I shall get the address
From my precious lead in the East;
To go to my friend in the West
And there love & union increase".

O then loving friends I will come;
With pleasure I'll welcome the day
I will hasten to my youthful home
And sorrow shall vanish away.—

So now let us part with a smile
And the mercy of heaven implore
For lo, it is but a short while
That we shall remain on this shore.

Tho my heart may intrusively swell,
And tears like the dewdrops may fall

While I bid you a loving farewell
And reluctantly part with you all!

Hannah.

Preliminary Remarks

Be it known to the reader, that after the elapse of 20 years absence, I again returned to my native land; & met face to face, & soul to soul, with those worthy friends, who nursed me in childhood; also many of my youthful companions, who like my-self, were begining to wear the marks of "honorable old age".

I spent several most pleasant & delightful weeks, with my friends "at home".

Many interesting scenes transpired, during that short period; but few of them have ever been recorded, save on the eternal record; at least they are not to be found among the manuscripts of the writer.

One or 2 trifling incidents occured, which by the earnest solicitation of my Westirn friends I have briefly penned. The following is a sketch of a holiday celebration by the young sisters of White Water, on the 18th of June 1856.

Innocent Recreation.

Supposed to be written by a witness of the scene
June 18th 1856.

The sun is arising clearly;
Every pulse is quickning:
Hail the bright morning, ye
Virgin Daughters of this highly
favored locality.
Heaven sheds her blessings of peace
& prosperity, upon the blooming
hills & dales, the fragrant
wood lands, & spicy groves, of your
ever beautiful, & flourishing home,
"Fair White Water"!

About 7 oclock this morning, a
young & happy band, skip off to the
long loved play ground of their childhood
& youth. — Hannah, as in the days of girlhood
is seen in their midst. Unthought of
day! Whose imagination could have
ran so wild? Whose mid-night vision,
or noon-day meanderings, would have
even pointed to such a remarkable
event? After twenty years absence

far away among the Orientals, Hannah has returned to her native land! is now associating with those whom she hath long known, & most tenderly loved.

Auspicious Day!

Let us follow them to the woodland, and entertain ~~them~~ ourselves with their innocent amusement.

See them passing to & fro, in the door-yard, like so many bees just driven from the hive.

And what can they be doing—?

Ah! some of them are geting an old gown; a cap & bonnet, & apair of shoes for Hannah.— I expect she is calculating on a regular ramp! Others of them are preparing & puting up dinner for the little multitude of "playmates."

Here comes 2 span of horses, beside poor old Bolly, & the buggy.—

But what now? they cant all ride?

Ah! yonder goes a valiant band of little tropers! see how nimble they step; but the teams will soon overtake them. I have seen them loading in, out there, near "Social Hall." & I think

there was not more than 3, or 4 on one seat! Yonder they go.—

(Fine fat horses; I guess they have good keepers.)

Only behold! Behold what a lovely company! Was the like ever seen? (Hardly.) How, many do they number? O, I cant count them; some are in carriages, & some have just gone behind the hills.— Hark! hear their sweet music! Hark yet again, & hear their pleasant voices, chating like young parrots upon by-gone days.— Not on the dark side of nature, but the sun-lit hours of childhood & youth. — — —

Go on, ye lovely band; may heaven direct your steps.

Now they have entered the wood-land; see them unloading! O! what a lively & numerous swarm.— See there! they've got a little chest full of dinner!

(I guess they wont starve to day.)

They have also got books, pencils & papers.— of course there will have to be

a little scribing on the occasion.
Here comes another company; they have been sitting by the road-side, culling flowers, singing, talking, resting, & so on & so forth.—
Favored little band; improve well this happy day; the like will never return to you again.—
Only see there! they have erected a swing on a branch of yonder towering oak.— I suppose that young brother, who drove those well fed horses did that; Ah! it is a charming swing, I should like to try it my self; I hope they will invite me by & by.
Here comes poor old Bolly & the buggy with a female driver!
I believe the Brethren have all gone home, & left the fair sex to rule the forrest.— They look as gay as so many woodlarks.
Some are swinging; some have scampered away after mulberries; others have gone down the hill to the Dutchmans house, to get water.
And see yonder! two or three of

them, who never did the thing before in their lives, are trying to get old Bolly's harness off! If they succeed in their undertaking, I fear it will be a difficult job to get it on again.

Indeed! they have accomplished their design; & yonder goes the old creature, galloping off, with no less than three of the little troopers on his back; even without a saddle!

But no matter for that, — they seem to enjoy their ride first rate. See, here they come! I think they would make a very splendid picture for the comic almanac. — but they are all off again. — if you did not see them when they tumbled off, you will never know how they looked.

There stand two or three more ready to perform the circuit; what a fine old stump they have got for a horseblock! But what's the ~~matter~~ matter? O, they've espied a lizzard on the stump, so they are putting off to another; & that is so rotten they cant stand on it.

Now, they have got into the waggon;

from thence they leap on to the old bare-back, & yonder they go! I realy do believe that Hannah is one of them! She looks rather uneasy. (new sport for her) I think by her appearance, this must be her first performance

At least she says it has been twenty years since she rode on horse-back; & then she had a "saddle".—

I am quite certain they will not fall off; for the old quadruped moves some like a snail! neither he, nor his riders, will fatigue themselves at this rate. I suppose they are afraid to let him go any faster, for fear he will run away with them; but I think he would do allmost any thing else, before he undertook that.— They have performed their part of the drama, & now they are trying to alight; but they make a sad job of it.— Ah! there is a tall stout figure advancing toward them, and with her assistance they will soon fetch it.—

See how merrily the swinging goes on And look out there, under that beautiful

Red-bud-tree, & see that happy little circle seated on the green turf, as in the days of their Childhood! They read, sing, talk, & play; & if you will observe closely, you will ever & anon, see a modest tear of inward joy & grief sparkling in the eyes of those, who twenty years ago, sat in this same peaceful bower; unacquainted with the ills of life, & strangers to the sorrows "of time" !!!

Happy Child-hood!
Thou hast fled, thou art gone forever!
How vastly different the aspect:
How wonderfully changed the condition:
How varied the feelings, & situation,
Of those little friends, together met.
"O' time, O time!
What hast thou not done"?

That ruddy little girl, whom they used to call Hannah, is now in their circle, with a pallid brow of 36 years! Can it be possible? Indeed it is; and every eye is upon her, every

ear is listening to her welcome voice; they strive very hard to make her appear as she did in juvenile days; they have painted her cheeks with the red mulberry & style her the "Queen of June". (may day has past.) They have swung her on the grape-vine; teatered her on the young sapling, & even put her on to old Bolly's bare-back! but all this has not taken the print of time, from her brow. —

But what are looks?
Ah! nothing now; Compared with "noble worth." —
Hannah is of far more value now,
Than she was to them, 20 years ago,
In sunlit hours of youth. —

"Wisdom is the gray hair unto man
and, an unspotted life is old age."

Since we have been chatting about those matters, that little circle of friends, who sat under the "Red bud," have been rambling over & about the old sugar camp, where they used to make sugar eggs &c. — also eat the warm sugar from the old iron kettle, with a little wooden paddle!

Many other novelties might be mentioned; but sufficient for the day, are the "pleasures there of." While we look at those innocent ones, we may truly say. It is marvelously strange, to think of the change Which time with its care hath produced!

Now let us proceed along toward that busy little group out yonder, & see what they are about. — Ah! they are about to "dine; they have spread their snow-white tableclothes, on the green turf, beneath a majestic oak, & beautiful magnolia. — Who are those who appear to be fore-most, in preparing the feast? Ask Hannah; she will say, "they are the bosom friends of my child-hood & youth"! Only see, with what neatness & care they have spread their humble table. — Come, let us go a little nearer & see what sort of dainties, lie there on. — The guests are invited; see, with what order, & beauty, they are arranging themselves up on their low seats. peaceable & quiet as a flock of young lambs. —

They seem highly delighted with their joyful banquet; they all eat well, & look happy;

Do tell what they are dining on:

Well, it is bread; biscuit, pie, sweet cake, cookies, currant sauce, eggs, chicken, tea! Coffee! sugar & Cream!

They do not in general practice tea & coffee; but this is an uncomon feast; or a day set apart, long to be remembered, or never to be forgotten!

54 of them, are seated together on the green turf; the eldest is 45, the youngest 16 years; They bring to mind the multitude whom Christ fed, with the loaves & fishes; at any rate, I think, by their lovely appearance they are truely his disciples.

They have spent the day thus far, in merry and innocent amusement, they have prepared, & shared a sumptuous feast! And what next? I belive I heard some of the gracious Respectability say something about meeting!

{ (Blessed little Saints, they have not lost all their religion, if they have been riding old Bobby! — }

Hark! hear their sweet music echoing in the distance! And see their nimble feet, dancing before the Lord, as did the virgins of old, at the "feast of Shiloh."

They seem quite as hearty & devoted in their religious exercise, as they did in their novelty. — They shout, & rejoice with exceeding great joy! Yea, the very forest echoes with their aclamations of praise. — "The heavens are open, bright angels are showering sweet rivers of love".

Keep silent a moment; behold! they have gone to prayer! Every knee is bowed to the dust, & every heart is lifted to God. O Heaven! grant their petition; I trust it is sincere & humble. —

What a serenely beautiful & sacredly solemn sight! 50 young virgins (& upward) all kneeling upon the moss covered ground, under the canopy of heaven, beneath the boughs of the forest Oak!

Now they have arisen, & me thinks I hear some one in a sisterly tone, addressing the respectable audience, who are standing in almost

breathless silence, catching every word as it falls from her lips. — tears of love & gratitude, are bathing their lovely faces; & they all have more or less to say on the occasion.

How sweet their devotion! How beautiful their worship. ——

How long since their meeting commenced? I suppose it is between 2 & 3 hours! But they are closing up; they have a little poem to learn, which they have just composed for the occasion, to sing to their good fathers & mothers on their return home.

Let us recline a moment, on that very neat little matress, which lies with its downy pillow, beneath yon shady "rest-bed," & listen to their simple production.

They sing thus"

We have come from the woodland
c c c &c.

O'er the hills away;
c. d c a a

We're a young & happy band
a b c. d c a a

And we've had a christian play.
a b c d. e d c c

We left you this morning
g a a b cb a

With joy and delight;
g e c e g

Will you take us this evening
a g e e e cd c

And keep us all night?
c d e d c

Ye Saints & ye sages
g c c c g g

Do take us in again
e c d c a a

For the gospel theme engages
a b c d c a a a

Our hearts & our brains
e d de e c

We live in the spirit
g a a b cb a

Altho we've plaid to day
g e e c e g

And this we will prove
g e e e cd

For your laws we will obey
c c d d e d c

Composed in the woodland, Tuned in the bushes
By the Exhibitors.

The sweet singers of Israel, have assembled on the green, a little distance from the rest of the company; & their music may be likened unto the chief musicians of David; with their dulcimers, harps, high sounding ~~ing~~ timbrels & ten stringed Instruments. Their little verse is well tuned, & completely learned; I expect they will sing like so many Nightingales, when they meet their friends.

Now the good Brethren have come to take them home! They must pick up their all & hasten from the sacred old play-ground. But wait a little; they cant go yet; there are a number of hands out yonder, busy as bees, preparing a splendid supper, and spreading it on those lilly-white cloths from whence the dinner was taken.

The Virgins are approaching. Only behold them! A handsomer company never dined together; not even at the feast of Queen Vastia, in the royal house belonging to King Ahasuerus!!!

They are not only handsome, but also very beautiful! And why so? Ah! they

are clad in a clean white robe of Virgin purity: they wear the mark of the Lamb in their foreheads; their very countenance glows with resplendant beauty!

Blessed number;

Heaven seal them ever thine!

Away goes the Sun, behind the Western hills! The day has been delightful, & the evening is uncommonly serene.– It would seem that either nature or grace had ruled the elements, & fashioned & formed all things congenial to the occasion.–

Now the sumptuous feast is over! Every face is turned homeward. The good Brethren are trying to harness poor old Bolly, but pray tell me why they are so long about it? Ah! the dear little Sisters had the management of matters & things this morning; I guess they finigured the tackling a little to much.– they understand the fine arts.

Now all things are going on well; old Bolly is again harnessed, & ready for a start; the lovely company are speedily returning homeward away from the delightful woodland, which, (had its a

tongue,) could tell many a novel tale!

See how high their little hearts beat, while with moistened eyes they turn respectfuly to Hannah, & say; "O! dear Sister! We shall never meet you here again"! Another whispers, "pray dont mention that; it is to much to think of now." Another says, "Why cant you stay with us; live with us, & die with us"? There stands One who has been silent for some moments; but the pearly drop from her bright eye, bedews the moss, beneath her feet! And now she exclaims; O, Hannah, Hannah! Our meeting was sweet; but the parting is bitter! And when shall we all meet Again?

"Oft shall Autumns yellow leaves
Withering fall around our eaves;
While her hallowed voice will ring,
Faintly lonely echoing;
There's a land where spirits reign
Where we all may meet again."

* * * * * * * *

Yea you'll see the "seasons" bring,
Many a warble on the wing;
Many a bright & balmy flower;

Many a clear and sun-lit hour,
Many a fog and many a rain
E'er we all shall meet again—

Often we shall have below
Many a weried hour of wo!
Many a moon-beams silent peep
Thro the lattice, while we sleep;
In the full, or in the wane,
E'er we all shall meet again.

Let the seasons ever roll,
Joy or sorrow to my soul;
What my fate, or what my fare
All things will I freely bear;
Tis not I who will complain,
When in heaven we meet again".

Each one has a few words with Hannah as they pass her by; she tries hard, to produce a ready answer, but I see she choaks & stammers a little. Poor child, her feelings may be easier imagined, than described— The company keep a home-ward pace, some of them have already gone down

the hill, & have stoped to wait for the teams, as the carriage wheels gently roll away, Hannah turns her eye, yea for the last time she looks toward the beautiful woodland, the delight of her childhood, & with a deep sigh, calmly whispers: Adieu, thou favorite spot. Adieu forever!

Ah! my native land I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Gospel kindred, happy Country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in Lebanon to dwell?
Yea I leave you, I must leave you;
Native land, farewell farewell!

To my home, again I hasten,
Tho' the friends of youth are dear:
And my love will never lessen,
For my gospel kindred here.
But alas! I now must leave you,
And the scenes I love so well!
Scenes of sacred joy & pleasure,
I must bid you all farewell!
And with pleasure now I hasten
Far in Lebanon to dwell. —

Reverie.

Now they have arriven at the North Family; and have stoped in the street, fronting the dwelling house, to sing their little stanza; I believe the whole family are in the dooryard, & street! Behold the joyful scene! They sing, dance, shout and leap in triumph! Heaven smiles at their innocent devotion, & the sweet dews of herman fall gently upon them.

They have paid due respect to this lovely little family; & on they go to the Church. — their songs are ever new, & enchantingly sweet! The sun has shed his last golden rays, upon the lofty sycamore & towering oak, which border the silver stream by which they are passing; but the song of those young nightingales hath not yet ceased; it is heard echoing in the distance, like the sweet aeolian-harp; or the sacred Lyer of the young Shepherd. I know they are weary, but every heart is full, & every tongue is yet limber.

Talk on, little prattlers, you are now conversant with One whom

you may never be again! See! here they come! They have got out of their carriages, & are marching in ample order thro the dooryard, singing their new song. — O, how delightful & cheering!

Every Father & Mother, Sister and Brother is on parade to meet them, & make them welcome. — Even (Elder John & Eldress Sally have come out! See how sprightly the young Virgins dance! Is Miriam of old, there with her timbrel? It is written; "Then shall the Virgins rejoice in the dance both young men & old together, for I will turn their mourning in to joy, & will comfort them & make them rejoice from their sorrows." (Isaiah)

This is the time; the aged, as well as the young, are leaping & skiping like fawns on the heights of Mount Horeb!

And well may they sing, as did the Psalmist.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice & be glad in it.

We will pay our vows unto the Lord in

the presence of all his people.
In the courts of the Lords house in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem, we will praise the Lord.
The Lord hath been mindful of us & hath blessed us; he will bless the house of Israel.
Sing aloud unto the God of our strength. make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.
Take a psalm, & bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.—
Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our joyful Feast Day.
This was a statute for Israel, & a law of the God of Jacob.
The sun hath not smitten us by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord hath preserved us from all evil
Therefore we will bless the Lord at all times. his praise shall continually be in our mouths. (Psalms)

Now it is candle lighting. the day is past & gone; forever gone!

I, for one, have experienced such a scene as I never did before. But I must leave this dear little group for the night, & retire to rest; for they have almost tired me out; altho I have taken much satisfaction in their proceeding.

I dare say, Hannah has enjoyed this juvenile scene first rate; but I believe she has gone to rest. & glad of the chance; her strength is about used up, for this time, as well as my own.

The next time I go as a spy, with such a brave little army, instead of going on foot I mean to ride poor old fat Polly. —

Anonymous.

While returning Homeward from the State of Ohio accompanied by Friends from Union Village, we called a few days at Grove Land.

It so happened that Elder Abram Perkins & Co, also Br David Parker of Canterbury, & Br Jason Kidder of Enfield N. H. were there at the same time. The Ministry were on a visit, the Deacons on business. David was clearing a spot of ground on the high lands for the purpose of raising grain. It took his notion, that the whole company of visitors should go & see his farm; altho sever-al miles distant. He also had a farm near Mount Morris, Br Jason had one adjoining it. Both of those we also visited as may be seen in the sequel.

The following lines were written on the occasion, by the earnest solicitation of said Company.—

N.B. Br Hiram was absent during said visit. In consequence of ill health he was obliged to leave us in Rochester.

and make the best of his way to Watervliet.
There he was cordially met by his friends,
and very kindly & attentively escorted by
Elder Amos to his best Earthly Home,
on the Hills of New Lebanon.

Joyful Meeting and Wonderful Expedition of the Five Churches

July" 1856.

Once on a time, it happened fine,
That many friends should meet;
On Groveland hill, near shaker mill,
The thing was done complete.
Good Elder Abram, & his lot;
His faithful Deacons too,
Without a blemish or a spot,
Were seen among the crew.

From Union Village in the West
And Lebanon, so fair
Was seen a guest among the rest
In happiness to share.

Good Elder Emery's lovely band
Gave us a welcome there;
With open hearts, & liberal hands,
They took us very near.
No King nor Queen that e'er was seen
Upon an ivory Throne;
Did ever share such tender care
As they to us have shown.

One morning bright, we took our flight,
To Deacon Davids farm;
And while up there, had excellent fare
In cottage & in barn.
While on our way, we'll have to say,
We saw a sight quite rare
And none can know save those who go,
And view it e'er with care.

A Bridge it was, and wonderful!
A Bridge o'er Genesee;
And there we went, a short time spent,
Well entertained, and free.
Its height was great, tis no mistake,
Its length & breadth quite rare,
From top to toe, we had to go
To find out what was there.

We marched along without a song,
And counted as you see
The steps around which led us down,
Two hundred and forty three!
Awhile we staid in mist and shade,
And saw the "Water fall."
The rainbow gleam, & silver stream,
Sung "God Created all."

We on our way dined in Nunda,
And numbered good fifteen!
And understand, a brighter band
In town were never seen!
From thence aright, we took our flight
To that said Deacons ~~farm~~ stand;
But you cant guess, nor I express,
The roughness of the land.

Good Pilot David led the way;
And Elder Emery next.
With "Henry" Hester and Hannah A;
Who "nearly got upset"!
Elder Abram cheered the band,
With music soft and sweet;
Eldress Harriet blessed the same,
And prayed for "Davids wheat."

"Brother Henry Blin," and Sister "Hester" Ann Adams, of Canterbury

4 Elder Daniel and friends were near;
While Malichi so true,
With company dear, brot up the rear,
Tho some times hid from view.
Around the farm & with out harm,
O'er hump and stump we went;
The logs and bogs, & lofty jogs,
Were often seen and felt!

We dare not growl, nor hardly scowl;
How ever hard our case!
Nor even dream, of a "little scream",
For that would "quite disgrace."
Now understand, on that rough land,
And near to Davids mill;
A supper neat, was got complete
And there we ate our fill!

Fifteen good shakers on that hill
Had never dined before;
But Davids will, & Parker skill
May yet have many more.
We'd nought to pay, to clear our way
But just a song or two.
And those you know, could sweetly flow,
From Elder Abrams crew.

The supper ate, & all things strait
Again we started home:
But sure enough, the road so rough
It jared us to the bone!
We got home safe, & in great haste
To press the downy pillow,
For we had been, thro thick & thin,
And even o'er the billow!

The Sun went down without a frown,
And gently smiled on those
Who went to rest, by Heaven blest,
And slept in such repose.—
But the ramble was not ended,
Only for the present time:
Another curious jaunt was pending
Which I fear I cannot rhyme.

Once, a Poet left his story,
Saying to his nearest friend;
I find no word to "rhyme with glory";
And must die, without an end!
Now dear reader, I'm some worried,
Lest I have to do "just so!"
And indeed I'm near discouraged
But I'll try to make it go.—

Tho' my story's long and crooked;
I will try to tell it strait
But tis rather hard to book it
With out none, or to much paint.
Poets have a right to quibble
All expect they will do so:
But dear reader, "this ere scribble"
Tells the truth for aught I know.

At One oclock, next day we started
Down to see the blighted wheat.
With our Groveland friends we parted,*
All in gospel love replete.

* Save Ministry and Elders.

Two span of horses, & a driver,
From Mount Morris came to view;
Brother David, our contriver,
Was the Pilot of the crew.

Sure enough! we numbered Twenty!
All on board and under way;
Was not this enough, and plenty,
To be missing in one day?
Jacen and David moved together,
Agents for the ~~poor~~ favored band.
We shall reverence them forever
Oft remembering their band.—

Beautiful and modest dwellings
Gave us entertainment there;
Reader, this is worth our telling;
For we had uncommon fare!
But the poet cannot tell it;
Rhyming words cannot be found!
And the brain, perhaps 'twould swell it,
If not very hard and sound.—

* * * * * * * *

Some went out to view the landscape;
Others went up stairs to bed!
Some were chating like old school-mates,
Others pening what had fled.
Children, thick as nits in clover,
Scampering thro the narrow hall;
Yea indeed they ran all over!
And I dare not tell it all!

Soon from Zions new pianno,
Sacred sounds began to float;
Softest, sweetest, strains, which I know,
Came alone from Shaker throats!
Every chick and child were charmed,
Wondering, whence such music came,
Each good neighbour, his neighbour alarmed,
That they all might hear the same.

All seemed richly entertained;
Modestly would ask for more!
Quietly they all remained
'Till the solemn chant was o'er. —
Next came on, a splendid supper!
Grand as tho the King was there!
Every crust appeared like upper!
Every dish, uncommon rare!

Maids, and Matrons, with much pleasure,
Gently served the Virgin guests,
And I think, in some small measure,
Felt as tho their house was blest.
Soon our great passover ended;
And perhaps our last in time!
Five New Churches, here were blended,
All the fruit of one Good Vine!

Lebanon with Canterbury;
And the far off Union Vill,
With New Enfield, made us merry,
While we staid on Graveland hill. —
When the sun began to lower,
Evening shades to gather round;
Pilot David, as before,
Orders gave, to leave the ground.

Again the shaker band parraded!
Carriages, were at the door:
Curious thots each heart pervaded,
And we journey'd as before. –
Now another "jaunt" was pending"!
Down to Rochester, that night,
Nearly all of us descended;
And we went in novel plight!

Not in Car, nor splendid steamer;
Not by Lapland reindeer speed;
Old Canal boat! "little dreemer;"
Took us on! (as we agreed.)
Who can tell it, gentle reader?
(May be, Elder Daniel, could;)
He for sleep, was interceder!,
While the junior class were ruder.

see page 72 and 3

. . . .

Calm and pleasant was the evening.
Fields and forests spread their charms;
And the moon as fair as "Eden,"
Folded nature in her arms.
Sacred music soft and cheering,
Floated sweetly on the tide
As if to heaven our boat was steering.
With Emanuel for our guide.

Daniel Fryer

But amid the pleasant chorus,
Ever and anon we'd see,
Something like a bridge before us;
General humbling then would be.
All on board, both saint and sinner;
Had to bow exceeding low!
Let the garb be thick or thinner,
To the dust it had to go!

Captain was delighted greatly,
With his little Shaker crew;
Had not heard such music lately,
And such songs he never knew—
By and by, the crowd grew weary;
To the little den they went;
But to us the place was dreary,
Nor did we admire the scent!
We staid on deck, till stars forsook us,
Silver moonlight too, had gone!
To the cabin then we took us
Where we found a jovel throng:
Yea they were a clattering party
Far more so, than we could wish;
But we all could laugh quite hearty,
When we'd neither bed nor dish!

They look'd like anything but resting
Every heart was full of fun;
And indeed 'twould be hard guessing
How the sleeping part was done.
One might think themselves quite lucky
If they found a place to sit!
One side hunch, the other tucky
Till we'd no room, ("scarce one bit")

After while the crew got steady;
Now and then would hang the head.
Softly whispering "I am ready;"
And would like to go to bed."
In our midst a lamp was blazing
On the old three leged stand;
Thro the light all eyes were gazing
At the little Shaker band.

Sixteen Saints in one small "packet".
Gave the crew a solemn grace;
Still they made a joyful racket!
Tho they tried to keep their place.
Now for lodge; Canal-boat lodging;
Shelves were hung from end, to end;
First 'twas dodge, & then 'twas dodging;
But not far, you may depend.

Never was a pen more crouded,
Where they thot of going to bed;
Especially those with silks enshrouded,
Noble rank and highly bred!
All were in a dreadful nettle;
Had not room to change our clothes!
Like a swarm that could not settle,
Every one stood on their toes!

Not a single thing to sit on,
Save One precious little stool!
And the shelves so 'cute to get on,
One would need to practice rule.
Scarcely was there room for stirring!
Each one had to care for self:
And amid the desperate hurrying,
Two crept on one little shelf!

There they lay as snug as biscuit;
Laughing much and sleeping none!
Any way, that they could fix it,
Bed would scarcely hold but One!
Truly those two little neighbours
Loved each other as their self;
Yet with all their love & labours,
Oft they tumbled from their shelf!

Sister Cyntha, like the Ark-dove,
Seeking for a place to rest;
Lit upon the plank, just above,
There contrived to make her nest.
Eldress Harriet settled low down,
Elder Sister Lucy too;
Eldress Orpha could not go down
To the highest branch she flew!

Eldress Lydia, & sister Lorina,
Lit upon a bough between;
Sister Hester, and Hannah anna
Oft were heard & sometimes seen!
Who could blame them for their racket?
Both upon one little board!
Thin their matress, rough their blanket,
And their pillow like a goard!

Ah! 'twas such a night, my dear friend,
As we ne'er before had seen!
Could not straighten, could but just lean,
Could not even begin to dream!
Every thing was in a jumble!
Caps & bonnets, shawls & gowns,
Shelves were filled with cotton bundles,
And at last one tumbled down! *

* The cord which held the berth, gave way, & the woman there-on, fell on the next shelf; another one in trying to get on to one of the highest berth's fell backward, & was caught by her laughing neighbours, and put back again; the males were not so crowded as the females, they had all stretched themselves, long before we did, & were waiting patiently for silence the other side of the curtain, & when the young woman tumbled off of the shelf it caused such a bluster, & such loud laughing that Elder Daniel cried out, for silence, two or three times loud enough to be heard by the rude ones. However the gentle men were snoring long before we had all got stretched, but whether Elder Daniel was one of those sleepy ones or not, I am unable to tell, but I hope he slept a little, for I slept none!

One slept in her silk's and glasses ⁂
Had not room to lay them off!
This produced a hearty laughing,
Which made Elder Daniel talk. —
One, or two, were sleeping briskly;
Others not yet gone to bed!
By and by one got so sickly,
We had need to hold her head.

All night long, 'twas tease and tumble;
One was up, another down:
Yet no one was heard to grumble,
Neither any seen to frown.
One poor woman got in trouble
Thinking she had lost her shoe!
But her joy was more than double,
When the thing was brot to view.

Then there happened quite a marvel;
Falling from the carpet bag, *
Something like a bit of marble;
In a paper or a rag!
Could it be a lump of gold-dust
Some dear friend had sliped in there?
If it was they had not told-us;
Else we'd opened with more care.

⁂ Elder Sister Lucy became so weary, that she crawled down on one of the lowest berth's with out even laying off her silk handkerchief, or spectacles! Sister Hester & Hannah, felt some afraid their shelf string would brake, & they would be the means of giving her a solid pressing; they lay on the shelf just above hers. —

* Belonging to Sister Hester Ann

But we knew of no such treasure,
Could not guess what it might be;
So we hunted at our leisure,
Hoping soon the prize to see.—
This was in a little corner,
Where they all had gone to rest,
Save those two, who had the honor,
Both to occupy one nest!

Those two, hunted long and steady,
Even dug the cracks with a knife!
Till at last good Eldress Lydia,
Came & joined us with a light.
She commenced the searching also;
But alas! twas all in vain!
What it was, or where it could go,
Yet in secrecy remaind!

None were there to slyly nab it,
All were on their little shelves,
We had never formed the habit,
Stealing from our own dear selves.
Many things both new & novel,
Happened in our merry little throng.—
Some thing in our little hovel
Keeps us busy all night long

After midnight, 'bout an hour
Some got up and comb'd their hair;
Had not slept, yet were not sour,
Only for the want of air.
Those the other side the curtain
Seemed to rest more quietly;
Had more room, of this were certain,
May be, less anxiety.

Joyfully we hailed the morning!
Yes when day began to dawn,
Some were up in end & yawning
Others to the deck had gone!
Thro the higher Orders cabin,
Two of us had made a dive!
Sick enough of narrow slabing
Weary of the poor old hive.

There alone we sat and noded
In the fragrant morning breeze;
On, our little boat was plodding,
Calm & silent as you please.
Elder Abram, & Brother Henry
Soon came out and gave us cheer!
And it was not long 'fore many
Of our gospel friends were near.

By and by the deck was covered;
All came up to take the air.
Under cloaks & shawls we hovered
Thankful for such pleasant fare.
Some were telling novel stories,
Or adventures of the night:
Others giving praise & glory
To the Lord with ~~all their~~ great delight.

Evening shades were disappearing;
Morning sun began to rise;
Rochester our boat was nearing,
There each one had turned their eyes.
Onward sped our little vessel,
Some what faster than a snail!
Considering all things, with the mostle,
The like before had never sailed!

In Rochester we dined together;
Bade our Groveland friends adieu!
Shall we meet again? Ah! never!
As we did in that canoe. —
Now we numbered just eleven.
Went to Albany that day;
Parted there; to meet in heaven!
Not till then I dare to say. —

Groveland gone! And Canterbury!
Enfield too, was far away!!
Could our hearts be longer merry?
Ah! dear reader you must say.—
O! the parting scene was solemn,
Even now gives melting thots:
On it I could write a volume,
But perhaps had better not.

Sad to tell! but five remained
Of that once delightful band!
Those were highly entertained,
In the Valley, Wisdoms land.
Heaven, grant us thy protection
'Till we reach New Lebanon:
There, with out the least objection,
I can stay till time has run. (Hannah

Farewell.

The Churchyard. (of Lebanon)

Written from reflections in the year 1836.

One evening while I sat alone;
Fan'd by the cooling breeze,
I chanced to see a marble stone:
Surrounded by some trees.
I looked again; and saw a grave
With many others near!
The wise, the noble, & the brave,
They said were lying there!

Twas on a rising spot of ground.
I saw this grave-yard fair;
A gentle rivulet by its round,
And sweetly murmured there.
The sight was pleasing in mine eye,
Yet solemn in my heart;
How many loving friends that I.
Deaths hand has caused to part.

How many in the bloom of life
Who blossomed like the rose;
Death, like the butchers cruel knife.
Their days in earth have closed.
The honored Saint, the aged Sire;
Perhaps are lying there:
If I was but a little nigher, I'd know the fact more clear.

While thus I mused, I took a thot
That on the coming day,
I'd go & view the sacred spot
And see who there might lay.
Accordingly, when blushing morn,
Had broke the shades of night;
I with friends soon started on;
To view the sacred site.

Twas but a short and pleasant walk,
Up to the shady spot;
And there to have a little talk,
We rested on a rock.
The morning zephyr mild and fair,
Was murmuring thro the trees;
It seemed that Angels lingered there,
And whispered in the breeze!

(I almost heard the pleasant song,
Which holy Seraph's sung,
To call them to the heavenly throng,
When here their work was done".)
A worthy Saint * whose bygone years,
Would more than three score number;
Was there, to fill our listning ears,
With many a tale of wonder!

* Permilla Dickerson.

"She says beneath this lone shade.
" Ah! many a tear hath fell!
" While in the silent grave we laid,
" The friends we loved so well. —
" In this sequestered bower doth lie,
" Our Father Joseph dear!
" Just fifty years have passed by,
" Since he was buried here!
"
" I remember well the funeral day,
" Tho long, so long ago.
" When that good Saint was laid away
" In this cold bed so low. —
" I remember what a numerous crowd
" Pursued the hearse along. —
" The meek the humble gay & proud
" All mingled in the throng.

" His faithful followers walked before
" In perfect order neat;
" While hundreds bound in darkness sore,
" Were crowding in the street.
" 'Twas in the month of August fair,
" Year seventeen ninety six;
" When Father dear was buried here
" And this lowly grave stone fix'd

" Here's Elder Henry's+ quiet bed;
" Behold the sunken grave!
" And see that green bough o'er his head,
" In reverence seems to wave. —
" A faithful servant of the Lord,
" And well beloved Saint;
" His virtuous acts we might record,
" But pen would fail to paint.

" And here's the grave of Sister Ruth*
" A worthy soul indeed:
" She gave up all in early youth,
" And hastened on with speed.
" She left this shore while in her prime,
" Lamented much, by all!
" But so it is with flowers of time,
" To dust they soon must fall!

" Here, look again, and view the place,
" Where lies a Virgin fair;
" Rebecca Sundall's lovely face!
" Long since hath mouldered there!
" The morning zephyr here may play.
" The green bough here may wave;
" While her pure soul is far away
" In realms beyond the grave.

+Henry Clough   *Ruth Hammond

" Good Sister Thankful× here was laid,
" Before she reached her prime!
" Of her most blessed things are said;
" To God she gave her time.
" And here beneath this marble stone
" Lies Brother Childs∴ so dear;
" His voice was like an Angel tone
" The broken heart to cheer.
"
" He labored in the work of God
" Till he was thirty one;
" And then was laid beneath the sod,
" His work on earth well done.
" And many more are lying here,
" Whose names I have not told,
" Their graves have sunken year by year,
" Till scarce we can behold.

" This smoothe green site where saplings wave
" Was then quite rough & wet;
" The coffin floated in the grave.
" When of there in was set.
" I've heard the muddy water splash
" While here the corpse was hid;
" I've heard the frozen pebbles dash
" Against the coffin lid.

× Thankful Hamlin. ∴ Childs Hamlin.

" I've heard the tender hearted sigh,
" And seen them drop a tear,
" To see their gospel kindred lie;
" ~~In~~ In beds so cold & drear.
" Many years have passed by,
" Since I beheld those scenes;
" Yet memory often brings them nigh,
" As a yester-evening dream.

" Thus fleeting time hath roll'd along,
" And still on earth am I;
" But lo, the time is hastning on,
" When I in dust must lie!
" Then as I have stood by others graves,
" So you may stand by mine;
" Tho not a branch may o'er it wave,
" Or blossom 'round it twine

" But if the flowers of love & peace,
" Unite us heart to heart,
" Our love, our joy may still increase
" Tho death should make us part. –
" So welcome death, I fear thee not.
" Thy sting will soon be o'er.
" And I shall find a resting spot,
" On Canaans peaceful shore.

" I hope to join with those dear friends
" Whose graves we now behold;
" And let my praise with theirs ascend
" In anthems sweet and bold.
" Yea, even now, I'd like to go,
" And join those friends of mine:
" I'd gladly leave all things below,
" And haste from busy time."

Thus spake our guide in accents mild
To those who round her stood;
(And then she said with pleasant smile)
She had told us all she could.
We started from our mossy seat
And walked among the graves;
The morning zephyr mild & sweet
The maple saplings waved.

A most delightful scene was ours.
As we advanced along.
The birds were singing in the bowers
And we joined in the song.
The morning sun had risen high
And spread his golden beams;
He rode upon the fair blue sky.
To smile upon us it seemed.

All nature sung in praise to God.
Yea even the honey bee,
And those who dwelt beneath the sod
Sung in Eternity.
The black bird & the meadow lark.
Were soaring wild & high;
I had to stop my muse & hark,
While they were passing by.

Home-ward now we bent our way
And yet we spake of those
Who'd faded like the flowers of May,
Or fallen like the rose.
Their names are sacred, & we love,
Their virtues to repeat.
While they, with holy saints above
Sing endless praises sweet.

When we had reached our dwelling door,
We turned again to see,
The grave-yard with its murmuring rill
And view its spreading tree.
I almost vie with the cottage-girl,
Who once to a stranger said,
"While her hair was thick with many a curl
" And clustered round her head."

"Often after sunset, sir, when it is light & fair
"I take my littl poringer & eat my supper there." ⁂
Often after sunset now,
"When it is light & fair,"
I sit with pleasure on my brow
And view the shadows there.

Excuse me dear reader for being so long.
Telling my story & singing my song:
I've only a sentence or two, more to write
And then I shall wish you a pleasant goodnight

Of late I have been to the Church yard again
And If you're not weary & feel to complain,
I'll tell you how things there, at present appear
I think you will be interested to hear.

The yard is as smoothe as a meadow might be,
And scarcely the form of one grave ~~could~~ can we see;
The sweet smelling clover, & straw-vine
Around Father Joseph's low bed are entwined

The green shady bower is yet waving there,
Like the garden of Eden, delightfully fair.
But that large mossy rock, we had sat on to talk,
Is ~~was~~ taken away, so we stood up, or walked
⁂ in the grave-yard.

We passed to & fro, o'er the graves of the dead,
And plucked the wild flowers which grew o'er their heads
And neat as a parlor all garnished and swept,
To the place where our most worthy fore-fathers slept.

No high marble pillars are raised o'er their heads,
They all lie reposing in low quiet beds.—
And the rivulet gently winding along,
Would fain give the passer their sweet funeral song.

Ah! sacred to memory, & pleasant to tell,
The virtues of those who have lived & died well;
But lest I intrude I will bid you good night;
Lay down my old pen, & extinguish the light.

New Lebanon 1846

Written by request, for a friend in Ohio.

The following lines were written for a young Sister a short time before her decease. April, 1851. New Lebanon

Celestial Home

I have started for home, my celestial home!
And had I the wings of a Dove,
I would quickly repair to my dwelling so fair,
Away in the City of Love.
Let me go, let me go to that beautiful clime,
Where the tumult of earth is no more!
Where all is serene, & tranquil I ween;
O give me a home on that shore!

When at eve I retire and take a review,
Of the wearisome toil of the day,
Then I think of my home, my Celestial Home
Beyond this vain world of dismay:
In the silence of night when no voices are heard;
And sleep closes every eye;
While the bright vesper beams, on the wing of my dreams
Away to that City I fly!

Amazed I stand, transported I view,
The innumerable company there.
Thro the heavens sublime, their sweet anthems chime
Such music n~~ere~~ echoed elsewhere!

With the earliest dawn, while the merry bird sing,
And dew drops descend from above,
I awake with delight refreshed with the sight,
Of my home in the City of Love!

But alas! much encumbered I soon find I am;
And home is yet far out of sight!
Many duties & cares, & terrestrial affairs,
Does often my happiness blight.
O, what can endear me, to this earthly shore?
Benighted dark land of distress!
Over flowing with sorrows, either real or borrowed,
A world of Confusion at best.

Is there nothing attracting, nothing so cheering
As to tempt me, a while here to stay?
There are somethings attracting & many distracting;
Then fain would I hasten away!
Tis true I have many crossbearing relation,
Dear friends whom I tenderly love;
But shall I not meet them, & joyfully greet them,
At home, in the mansions above?

O yea, I shall meet them in glory divine;
Then why not be hasting along?
I cant wish to stay, in this old house of clay,

To my home I had rather be gone.
But have I a store-house a treasury there.
With raiment & food for my soul?
Ah! let me consider as I advance thither.
For this I shall prize more than gold.

My home is celestial immortal & pure;
Nothing terrestrial is there!
Of course I well know, I must toil here below,
For a home in those mansions aspire
This is no hardship; I count it a blessing;
I am willing to work for my home;
When thus I have gain'd it I shall ever maintain it;
And know that the prize is my own.

This is my labor, my constant employment.
I am toiling by night & by day.
With some tribulation & much consolation
Towards heaven I'm working my way.
I shall go, I shall go to that beautiful clime,
Where the tumult of earth is nomore;
Where joys intervene, to brighten the mien
Of those on the heavenly shore.

Ah! there is my home my celestial home!
And soon on the wings of a Dove,

I shall soar far away from this cumbersome clay
And rest in the City of Love!
I am ready to start, & I'll join in the march
With those who are bound for that land
And those loving friends I shall meet you again
Rejoicing with heavens pure band.

(N.B.) When the foregoing lines were written; the said young Sister was enjoying usual good health.
It was by her request, that they were written; altho she was not the chooser of the subject; neither did she know, the tenor of my mind, at the time she asked me to write. — I wrote from an impulse of feeling which I recieved while I was one day spining by her side, in silent meditation
When I put the manuscript into her hand, she read it, & gave a smile of aprobation; thanked me for complying with her wishes, & never spake to me again on the subject.
And now she has gone to that better land,
And I see her here no more!

Gratitude

Eternal O Lord, is thy word & thy way;
Thy love waneth not, nor thy blessings decay:
Thou hast been a protector to my wandering soul,
And gathered me in to thy peaceable fold. —
O Mother how oft upon my bended knee
My spirit shall bow, & give thanks unto thee
For thy tender kindness to my needy soul
Which keeps me securely in Zions pure fold.

Continue good Mother to watch me with care
And I will be faithful a full cross to bear;
I'll follow thy footsteps, all evil controll.
And ever remain in thy peaceable fold.
While many are turning from thy holy way
Rejecting the gospel & loosing their day:
O Mother I thank thee with my living soul
That I have a home in thy peaceable fold.

To keep thy pure gospel shall be my chief care.
My daily employment & most fervent prayer
Tho sorrow affliction, & trials may roll.
Yet I will not stray from my kind Mothers fold
Draw near lovely Angels and hear what I say
Yea seal this my promise & bear it away.
Away to my My Mother that she may behold,
My firm resolution to keep in her fold.

Here blooms heavenly virtues here fair lillies grows.
And lifes crystial fountains eternally flow,
My soul bows in thanks when those jems I behold
And I sing how delightful is Mothers pure fold
Yea Mother I thank thee & most humbly pray,
For thy kind protection to guide me each day,
May the fount of thy blessing continue to roll
To those who are toiling in Zions pure fold:

ha

New Lebanon 1849.

Deep Supplication

When tempestuous gales are blowing,
Dashing o'er my little bark,
When afflictions tide is flowing
And my way seems rough & dark;
O then let me, precious Saviour
Feel thy saving power divine,
Let a quiet meek behaviour
Govern this frail ~~bark~~ heart of mine.
When.

When my soul in grief is wading
Strugling from the bands of death;
Let me feel thy power prevailing
Giving life refreshing breath;
When I feel my nature dying
And the torture gives me pain,
When thy word my soul is trying
Help me, then, to bless thy name

When the shades of night surround me
Sunbeams gone, & moon light dim;
When afflictions hand doth wound me;
And my cup flows to the brim.
Then kind Saviour show thy brightness
And extend thine hand to me;
Help me walk in true uprightness
True disciple Lord of thee.

When my soul seeks earthly pleasure,
Vain ambitions, worthless show;
Help me, then, to sense the treasure
Which is gained by keeping low.
Help me crush each vain desire
And subdue my nature vile;
Let me feel the gospel fire,
Till I'm born a subject child.

* * * * * * *

Then dear Mother thou canst own me,
Bless me as thy little One:
And thy power shall yet enthrone me
When my works a crown have won.
O my Mother I will praise thee,
And rejoice in thy sweet love;
Far above the earth 'twill raise me;
Fit my soul for worlds above.

When I feel deep tribulation;
And amid temptation stand,
Trembling for my souls salvation.
Overwhelmed on every hand;
Then dear Mother I will seek thee,
In the low & humble vale;
There I know that thou wilt meet me,
And thy love I shall inhale.

Sweeter than the rose or myrtle
This will be unto my soul,
While I join the lovely circle
Firmly linked with chains of gold.
This is love that far excelleth
All the pleasures earth can give.
Here is where the Saviour dwelleth;
Here his true disciples live.

Could I leave thee blessed Mother?
Thou whose love hath fed my soul:
Could I turn & seek another?
Let my love for thee grow cold?
O the very thot is awful!
Chills the blood within my veins!
And the act would be unlawful;
Bind my soul with iron chains.

My dear Mother, I cant leave thee;
I am bound to do thy will;
Not for millions would I grieve thee,
Nor thy cup with sorrow fill.
I rejoice to do thy pleasure;
Yea I love to honor thee;
All my interest & my treasure
In thy ward & work shall be.

Fair, delightful, ever pleasant:
Is thy low sequestered vale;
Here thy love is ever present,
Purest love which cannot fail.
Here I feel thy holy power;
Wafting healing balm to me;
Twining round me like sweet flowers
Blown from lifes fair blooming tree.

O I love this pleasant bower,
And I'll rest beneath its shade:
Walk thy path from hour to hour,
In the garb of truth arraid.
And adorned with gospel armour
I will move in strength divine,
Till I join the heavenly armies.
Far beyond the shores of time. ha

New Lebanon. 1850.

The following lines were written on a day of fasting and prayer, appointed by the Govener of the State of New York. in consequence of pestilence, famin, & other various causes.

July 1849

Philanthropic Prayer

O heavenly Father lend thine ear;
And look with pitying eye,
On suffering mortals far & near,
And hear their mournful cry.
All righteous are thy judgments Lord!
And merciful thou art;
Then let thy goodness shine abroad,
And melt the stubborn heart.

From Africa to India's Isle,
O turn thy pitying eye
Make e'en the Arabian desert smile
With light-beams from on high.
From those who dwell beyond the sea,
Hide not thy glorious face.
Nay Father, help them turn to thee,
And seek thy saving grace.

O look with pitty o'er the land,
And save poore dying souls;
Nomore may judgements from thy hand,
Upon thy people roll.
To the Indian in the desert wild,
To the King upon his throne;
To the begger, & the beggers child,
O may thy love be shown.

With the prisoner in his lonely cell;
With the sad & broken heart;
O may thy hand of mercy dwell,
And never more depart.
To those who dwell in shades of night,
And see no smiling ray;
O Father send irradiant light,
And turn their night to day.

How many millions seek to know,
And do thy righteous will;
Yet never have seen thy light below;
"The City on a hill."
To such, O let thy glory shine;
Send water from thy rock;
Help them to learn thy truth divine;
And to thy standard flock.

Have mercy on each child below;
Even those on Ireland's sod!
And let the ignorant Hindoo know,
Thou art the Only God.
And if the roving Hottentot, has
Has got a (~~living~~) human soul,
Send light up on his dreary Cot;
And cause him to behold.

Lord view the whole Creation o'er;
And help this weeping land!
On California's golden shore,
They need thy saving hand.
O Heavenly Father kind & true,
Be merciful we pray;
Teach every soul thy will to do,
And learn thy holy way.

May thine attending Angels fly
To distant lands away;
Even to the rocky mountains high
Where the red men's children play
Yea let them take their flight abroad
Wing on o'er land & sea;
Till every soul shall cry to God,
From Columbia to Chaldeia.

O Lord, we pray impartially
For all us, on the globe;
Both those who wear the beggars rags,
And those in purple robes!
We pray as did our Saviour pray;
Father, thy will be done;
O may thy royal sceptre sway,
And may thy kingdom come.

O Heavenly Father condescend,
To hear this humble prayer
And ever be a constant friend,
To those who ask thy care.
Unworthy, Lord, we are to ask
Such favors from thy hand:
Unworthy, feeble, frail & weak
In holy fear we stand.

Unworthy of thy tender love;
Yet humbly "ask thy care".
Unfit to meet with Saints above,
Or "join with them in prayer".
To whom good Father shall we turn?
Or who will hear our cry?
No God but thee, we never learned
We feel no other nigh. —

Thou ne'er hast turned a deafened ear,
When humbly we have cried.
Thou near hast scorned the falling tear,
When deeply we were tried.
O, then again we'll cry to thee,
And know that thou wilt hear:
Oour constant friend thou e'er wilt be,
In grief & sorrow here.

Oour hope is in thy saving power,
Our trust is in thy name:
O keep us in each trying houre
And let thy love sustain
While on life's troubled sea we sail,
By raging billows tost:
Let not thy kind protection fail
Or surely will be lost! ha
Amen.

Ecclesiastes.

Chapter 12th

1 The Creator is to be remembered in due time.

Remember thy Creator O innocent youth,
E'er the evil day cometh on thee;
Wherein thou shalt utter this sorrowful truth
These days bring no pleasure to me.
2nd While the light of the sun & the moon yet remain;
And the stars be not darkened nor dim;
While the clouds arise not nor return after rain;
Or thy days of affliction begin.
3rd In the day when the keepers shall tremble with fear,
And the strong among nations shall bow;
The grinding shall cease, for the night shades are near,
O'er spreading the dark windows brow.
4th And the ~~door~~ shall be closed in the desolate street
When the sound of the grinding is low. —
And he shall rise up, when the bird singeth sweet
And the daughters of music are low. —
5th They shall also be fearful of that which is high
And fear shall arise in the way.
The tree of the Almond shall flourish thereby,
And the grasshopper burden the day!
And desire shall fail, because mortal man
To his long long home must retreat.
The voice of deep mourning be heard in the land
While they pass to & fro in the street:

6th In that day shall the cord, silver cord be untied;
The bright golden bowl must decay:
The mortal, & immortal, then must divide.
O prepare lovely youth for that day.
The wheel at the cistern, shall then cease to turn
The cup from the fountain be gone!
7th And dust unto dust in that day must return
But the spirit to God shall belong.—
8th O vanity of vanities doth the preacher exclaim;
All is vanity & trouble of mind.
But when we have done with enjoyments so vain
A treasure more lasting we find.
13th Then here let us end & the matter conclude
And know tis the duty of man,
To fear his Creator & ever do good
That his days may be long in the land.
14th And let us be careful to bear on our minds,
That all our transactions below,
Our harmless intentions & evil designs,
To the bar of God's judgement must go.

Remark.

Tis wise indeed to fear the Lord,
In childhood & in youth;
And let our words & works accord
With innocence & truth.

If thus to God we wisely spend,
The morning of our days,
Our riper years must also be
Devoted to his praise

And this will make the eve of life,
With beauties fair to glow
No cruel thorns to fill our path
But roses there shall grow.

O happy thot, inspiring flame!
No pen can paint or tell.
Hence forth O Lord I'll praise thy name
And bid earth's joys farewell.

New Lebanon.

1847. h2

(N.B.) I suppose almost any one has wit enough to versify the scripture; but I cant see any particular need of it: yet it is better to be doing that, than to do worse.

The following lines were written for the visitants of 1856. H.A. & H.&.A. by Br John Hobart of White Water.
We entered the Village a little after Sunset (rather unexpectedly as you will see in the sequel) accompanied by Elder John Martin. Eldress Sally Sharp, & Sister Marietta A...

June 11th 1856.

Love opened all her portals.
And joy her tide did pour,
When like a Band of Angels,
They haulted at our door.
Up flew the mansion windows.
For panic filled the air,
And every ear was opened
And every eye did stare!

Good Elder John was happy,
And tuneful was his voice;
He filled our hearts with gladness
And made us all rejoice.
For with him were the jewels,
Of New-Jerusalem
The diamonds of our Mother;
And pearls of Lebanon

And nowhere but in heaven,
Do souls of kindred birth,
Find friendship more endearing,
Than we had now on earth.
And on the holy sabbath,
We lovingly did meet.
And in the ring in dances,
Strewed love & union sweet.

And oft will Brother Hiram
And Sister Hannah be,
Remembered by the many,
And loved & blest by me.
Their visit was more welcome,
More cheering yea by far,
Than are the rays of morning
Or evenings sparkling star.

For in them dwells the Saviour
In meekness peace & love;
And clothes them with his spirit
The pure celestial Dove.
And we the babe's of Mother,
Are folded in their arms;
Are nourished at their bosoms,
And cherished by their charms.

To Them our thanks we tender,
Our love as full and free;
And mirthful as the rivers,
And shoreless as the sea
The Ocean of fruition
Is beckoning us to come.
And anchor in its harbour
Till time with us is done.

And in its crystal bosom.
Perfections golden goal
We'll heir the joys of heaven
Which beatifize the soul.
And now our love & blessing
United we bestow
To gladen up their spirits
As home-ward they do go.

And when to holy Mount
They've joyfully arriven
Our love they may bestow
As Angels do in heaven.
For we are by the gospel
Arraid in garments white
And live & walk in Zion
As Angels do in light.

John.

Copied from the original

Louisania's farewell to Hannah.

White Water June 1856.

When those we love have absent been,
'Till years have fled away,
Return in love's fraternal bond
To visit us on earth again:
With what transporting joy & mirth,
The tender heart is mov'd,
To twine the neck in fondling arms
Of those so dearly lov'd.

How sainted seems the form of her,
Whose converse we enjoy;
Her word more precious than Golconda's Gems
When purged from all alloy).
And when I call to mind the time,
When she and I were young;
And oft in rapturous melody.
The songs of Zion sung;
Mine eyes with tears uncall'd are rife:
I would that time had been my life!

But O! that I must drop the parting tear!
Must heave the farewell sigh!
Ne'er more embrace that one so dear,
Must break my nearest tie !!

With grief it wrings my heart.—
In sorrow and in love,
I bid farewell; we now must part!
But soon to meet above.

Go! Hannah, go, with blessings on thy head
Untill at Lebanon thou art,
May God thy journey speed,
And bless thy sinless heart.—
And when the Lord thou dost invoke,
To bless & strengthen thee,
Forget thou not a Sisters need;
Remember, O! Remember me.

Louisania Strong.

Composed by J S Hobert.

Copied from the original

Farewell to Hannah. (White Water June 1856.

Cease ye rude winds, that sweep the Ocean wide.
That lash to fury their increasing tide;
Fain would I say to you, peace peace be still!
I've heard a voice from Lebanons fair hill!

Ye vivid lightnings cease your vivid glare.
Ye heavy thunder peals, come not to nigh;
Ye bleating flocks, ye lowing kine be still!
I hear the sound from Lebanon's fair hill!

There the anointed of the Lord, in conclave meet;
In holy union, clothed in meekness sweet.
With anxious care care their blessing to distill,
O'er East & West: from Lebanons fair hill.

Methinks I hear them call dear Hannah's name;
A Virgin pure, devoid of sin and shame.
And to her say, thee, with our love we fill:
Haste to thy native land! from Lebanons fair hill.

And there profusely scatter all around,
Where ever Mother's children can be found
This precious blessing; make them feel the thrill
Of love divine, from Lebanons fair hill.

In swift obedience, now behold her move,
Like Deer on mountains high, or beauteous Dove.
Dont wonder now, for how can she be still?
She's going home! from Lebanon's fair hill.

All things prepared, her journey's now pursued;
With Elder John, & Brother Hiram Rude.
And Eldress Sally, from good Union Vill,
They journey West; from Lebanons fair hill.

A few short days o'er hill and dale they rove,
Beneath the protecting hand of their holy God;
That they unhurt might, do his holy will,
Dispense some precious love at Union Vill.

But Vasealome's tribulations vale.
Must have the sweetest blessing of the whole.
The choicest love of God must there distill
In sorrows vale; from Lebanons fair hill.

Soon to sorrows vale in haste they come.
Dear Hannah's birth place yea her childhood home
One eve in June, when all was calm & still
They safe arive at Vasealomies Vale.

And Oh! my tongue, do thou forbear to say.
The painters art could not the half display!
The tears, the shouts, the songs of joy they sung,
Embracing Hannah, at her childhood home!

From day to day, for two full weeks & more:
With Lamb like mein she walked from door to door
And in each room, each soul is made to feel
The precious love she bears from Lebanons hill.

But Oh, the parting time is drawing nigh!
When every loving breast, convulsed, will heave a sigh;
For she already says to all farewell,
Soon I must go to Lebanons fair hill!

But we forbear to bid a last adieu;
How can we part with one we love so true?
When we expect no more to see her smile,
So far away on Lebanons fair hill.

The painful duty now we haste to do!
Dear loving sister, now a kind adieu.
May heaven bless you while on earth you dwell
With everlasting love on Lebanons fair hill.

By T Steele.

Copied from the original.

Thanks Blessing and Kind Farewell to our much Beloved Sister, Hannah Agnew

(White Water. 1856.

Sister, Sister must we part?
Dim grows mine eye, deep throbs my heart;
And when my tongue is moved to swell,
The accents of a long farewell
It faulters- And down my face
The pearly tear drops falls apace-
And sympathy takes the controll,
Enwraps my body & my soul.
And must we now again repeat
While floods of tears bedew thy feet,
Farewell? And bid adieu
To One whose hearts so just so true?

O thou heaven born heir of grace,
Glad we sought thy kind embrace;
More gladly still, we'd -bide with thee
If this thy dwelling place might be (?)
O thou virgin daughter fair;
Tell us Sister, where O where
Art thou going? Going home
To the lofty hills of Lebanon?

Then as your homeward way you wend,
May holy Angels thee attend;
And waft thee safely o'er the land
Till on mount Lebanon you stand
But Sister dear, on memories wing,
We pray that you will often bring;
And call to mind the little band
Your'e leaving in the Western land.
Nor let one day pass o'er thy head
But that a prayer, for us be said
And while our living spirits burn,
We'll love & bless you in return.

Now gentle being take thy flight,
Unto the holy Mountains height:
And in the cords of purest love,
We'll part untill we meet above!
A few more short & fleeting years
We'll number in this vale of tears;
Then leave the trouble[d] scenes of time
And soar to mansions more sublime
There, there we'll will greet with hand & heart
Yea there will meet no more to part!
Then fare thee well thou lovely child;
Thou lamp of truth pure undefiled

Many blest days, that day be blest,
That brot you safely to the West.
For with you came a glorious feast
From Mothers first born in the east.

Enough is said, farewell. Good by.
A thousand blessings 'round you fly.
Ten thousand blessings we heap on you,
And finish with one sad adieu.

By E E Frost

Copied from the original.

Adieu Adieu to Hannah

Adieu sweet friend, adieu; but not adieu forever:
This morn thou lingerest round thy youthful home
In a day or two thou will wander —
Far from thy native shore!
And may thy lamp of life, which so much
cheered our path, keep bright its
rays among this youthful group.
And thou in after days, shall
reap the precious fruit.
O may thy mantle fall, where thou was wont
to dwell.
And I with Mothers children all
Bid thee a kind farewell

Eliza Sargent

The Following is a Farewell Address to the Brethren and Sisters of Union Village.
Written July 1856.

Dear Kindred & country farewell we must say,
The the sound tis not pleasant nor sweet;
But O! there's a home in that fair land away,
Where we shall most cordially meet.

Ah! where is the pen, either silver or gold?
Say where is the lyre or Harp,
That e'er can portray, or in music unfold,
Those feelings hid deep in the heart?

Here's a land overflowing with fruits of the vine;
Here the weary and careworn may rest:
Here heavens sweet anthems in melody chime,
And here all the faithful are blest.

Fair land of the pilgrim and home of the free;
No longer we dwell on thy shore!
May heaven continue thy guardian to be,
And cause thee to bloom ever more.

Dear friends we've not language, nor can we express
The half which we sensibly feel;
For in our long absence, we've lov'd you no less
Those ties are most sacred & real.

Those honorable heads which have grown white with [age]
Must soon find a place in the dust;
Then let us be careful their hearts to aswage;
While longer they tarry with us. —
Ye worthies of heaven! farewell to you all;
The earth will not long be your stay.
We bless you, & thank you, for honoring your call.
And keeping for us this pure way.

Your white hairs may go to the grave-yard in peace
Your footsteps will daily pursue.
The gospel of Christ in this land shall increase
And thousands shall yet comfort you.

Companions most lovely, stand firm in your lot;
Nor flinch under trials severe:
In times of affliction think not your forgot—
For heaven your breathings will hear.

Tho deep tribulation your portion may be,
And sorrow on every hand!
Remember the Lord your protector will be.
If true to his order you stand

Through many deep waters, you've already past;
Through heavy tempestuous storms!

Let heavens be praised! we shall all meet at last,
Where cometh no sorrow nor wrongs.

Then let us be cheerful, and part in sweet peace,
Nor sigh when the parting is o'er.
E'er long we shall meet, where our love shall increase
And parting be heard of no more.

But, hasten, yet ye worthy Saints,
And weary not we pray;
For neither tongue nor pen, can paint,
The feelings of this day.

We tender you our warmest thanks;
We bless you every one:
Our grattitude flows through your ranks
To aged, & to young.

O take our hearts for we have yours;
Nor can we parted be.
Your works our confidence insures
Your virtuous acts we see.

We view you as the lilly fair
Or like the sharon rose!
Yea those who Mothers likeness bear
In beauty out shine those.

The rainbow in its splendid hue
The evening landscape fine
In glory cant compare with you;
Their tints but dimly shines.

From heart & hand, by day & night.
While with you we sojourn,
Is offered kindness with delight.
Far more than we have earned.

When shall we ever recompense
The many favors given?
Ah! not in time; we hope to hence,
When we shall meet in heaven

The heart beats high, the pen yet plays
And many things could tell:
But golden harps & Angel lays
Begin to chant farewell!

Ye sacred notes chime sweet & long
Nor silence at a tear;
Harmoniously beat loud & strong
Our hearts once more to cheer.

Yea toutch that sweet immortal chord
Which brightens heaven above.
While to the chosen of the Lord
We sing farewell in Love

Farewell, farewell ye Virgin band;
Farewell thou native shore.
We soon shall meet in Heavens land
Where parting is no more!
Hannah.

Farewell Address to the Brethren and Sisters of White Water. June 18th 1856

Kindred of my native land,
Tis you I now address;
With feelings warm my heart expands,
While fervently I bless.

O stoop ye lovely Saraphs fair,
And on your wings of gold,
The likeness of my kindred bear
That I may long behold.

Ye worthy Saints with silver locks.
How very near my heart.
The beauty of my Mothers flock;
But with you I must part!

Ye middle aged, may heaven bless,
Your labour and your toil;
In perfect peace may you possess
This consecrated soil.

Ye infant babes, and blooming youth
My heart beats warm for you.
O cherish virtue love and truth;
Obey your leaders too.

No pearl that in the Ocean lies;
Nor gem from mountains high
Can equal souls who sacrise
Those charms which fade and die.

How strong the band, how firm the cord,
Which binds my heart to you;
But I must lisp that solemn word,
My friends, farewell a long adieu to you!

May every good which God bestows,
Upon his creature man;
Be freely given unto those
Who keep his pure Commands

May heaven bless you ever more,
And Angels guard your way;
Untill we meet on Canaans shore,
In one Eternal Day.

I've neither language, tongue, nor heart,
My feelings to express
Therefore in silence we must part
With-out the least redress.

No pen can paint no tongue can tell
The kindness I've recieved
From those who in White Water dwell,
At morning noon and eve.

Kind thanks unbounded from my heart
Flow flow full and free to you.
Those days from memory cant depart;
They're sweet as morning dew!

How oft my busy thots will roam,
To this delightful shore;
When I am far away, at Home
And see your smiles no more!

Those silvery locks, & youthful hearts
Are lovely to my view,
With tears we met, with tears we part,
In joy and sorrow too!

And when we meet again dear friends,
'Twill be on Canaans shore!
Our spirits there shall closely blend,
Where parting is no more.

O Native Land! Childhood's sweet home!
A long farewell to thee!
The lofty hills of Lebanon
My dwelling place shall be. —

Hannah.

Closing Address. May 9th 1858

Sister Marietta,

I have written this little volume, not to please myself, but to accomodate my friends, my ever dear & true friends in the far West.

I now transmit it, to you, hoping it may never do any harm.

Perhaps my good friends at White Water would be interested with a perusal of it; have the kindness dear Sister to lend it. (in union)

In the journal of 1836, I have made some amendment; & you may think that I have differed very widely in sentiment, from the original. True enough I have; but I think I have generaly told the truth. Be it remembered, that very imperfect scribble, was from a youthful hand. And the first composition, written there by, save a few miscellanious rhymes, or as Elder Issachar used to say, "poetry run mad!"

We may talk & sing, much about past, & also present events; we may please the ear, the eye, & the mind, with the pen and the voice. But Sister there cometh a day, when the pen shall cease to write, &

the pleasant voice of mortality shall be hushed in death!

Therefore let us be wise, and enga-ge not to much of our precious time, in those transitory pursuits. —

I have strove to select such items for this volume as would be interesting, harmless & useful; & if there can be any good, derived from those pages, I shall feel amply rewarded.

We have on record, many wise, and beautiful sentiments of our first Parents & Elders. Believing it would agree perfectly, with your feelings, I have here pened a few of those most excellent sayings for your own edification and also for the benefit of all who may chance to peruse them.

Farewell

in bonds of affection & gospel love.

Hannah

To Marietta.

Speaches to Individuals on Various Occasions

Tho our blessed Mother was a woman of few words, yet her soul was filled with divine wisdom; & when she spoke, her words were in the demonstration of the spirit, & with power, & always adapted to the occasion. Many precious sentences were occasionally spoken, both by her, & the Elders, to the Brethren & Sisters, individu-ally, which had a powerful affect & left a lasting impression on their memories.

Mary Chase asked Mother, if she might come & live with her. "Live with me child! (said Mother.) The foxes have holes, & the birds of the air have nests; but I have not where to lay my head. Go child, & I will go with you; if you go thro the waters the floods shall not over-flow you; & if you go through the fire; it shall not kindle upon you; & if you go to the ends of the earth, I will never leave nor forsake you."

Elizabeth Chase being a faithful young sister, had considerable privilege with Mother in the first of her faith, & being at Watervliet gained some hope, that Mother would feel a gift to let her stay & live with her. Soon after this, Mother

called her into her room, & said. "Elizabeth you must go home, * for they need you there".

On hearing this, Elizabeth fell upon her knees, at Mother's feet & wept, & told Mother that she felt troubled to think of going away from her.

"But (said Mother) it is your duty to go to the family; for the wicked are all about them, and they need your help. Go & hold a bold testimony before the wicked, & God will be with you. You must not be discouraged, for I see your mansion in heaven, & your soul shall soon be released. Go in peace, & take love with thee. You can do greater good there, than you can here with me."

In obedience to Mother, Elizabeth set off for home, in company with some others. But before she had gone far, she felt the greatest releasement, in her feelings, that she had ever experienced; & such a flow of love, that she shouted for joy, & her company with her, shouted also. —

When she arrived at home, she felt Mothers gift & boldly testified to the wicked, that Christ had appeared the second time; & she often had strength thro the gift she had recieved from Mother to bind the rage of the wicked, who came many times to abuse the family. By speaking to them they seem to loose their rage, & depart without doing any harm.

* Elizabeths place of residence was in the family of Joseph Bennet, some miles distant.

Zeruah Clark being in a situation of peculiar embarresment, on account of various dispositions & habits of those who resided in the family with her, & being much straightened to know her duty, Mother spoke to her as follows: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: & the Lord harkened & heard it: & a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, & thought upon his name. & they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts in that day when I make up my jewels; & I will spare them as a man spareth his son that serveth him.* This passage of scripture chosen by Mother in the power & gift of God, made a striking impression on Zeruahs mind; she had read it before without being able to comprehend it; but now, she sensibly felt its import & clearly perceived in Mothers seasonable application of the passage to her, that she had thereby marked out a beautiful path for her feet, & instructed her how to walk in it.

* Mal iii 16.17

In the time of Shays insurrection in Massachusetts, some of the believers in that state, in expressing their sentiments, manifested some party feelings concerning that event. When it came to Father James's knowledge, he rebuked that spirit, & said "They that give way to a party spirit & are influenced by the divisions & contentions of the world, so as to feel for one political party more than another, have no part with me". Again he said, "The spirit of party is the spirit of the world & who so ever indulges it, & unites with one evil spirit against another, is off from Christian ground."

Abijah Worster visited Mother & the Elders, while they were at Ashfield. On taking his leave of them to return to Harvard, Elder James said to him, "Remember my kind love to the brethren & sisters, they are all my treasure, they are all the inheritance that I have in this world. Go & be faithful among them, & teach them the way of God, & by no means hurt the oil & the wine. I mean the gifts of God. Let them

be never so uncultivated, never so untaught, in their gifts, dont you strike at those things; for if you do, you will take away their gifts, & they will be lean & barren, & it will be altogether a wonder if they do not go back to their lusts & be lost. But you must teach them how to improve the gifts of God, & let the power of God work inwardly upon their souls.

You know we have borne with you, & dealt with you in tenderness, in mercy & charity; & go you & do likewise".

Two Brethren having had some dealings with a merchant in Albany, were unjustly accused wronged & abused by him. One of them made his complaint to Mother, & said, "that man has abused us the law is open. I will prosecute him."

Mother replied, "You shall not touch the law. He that takes the sword, shall die by the sword. If you take the law, you will loose the blessed power of God. — I forbid you. — Trust in God. What! build the things that God will destroy? Wo unto the lawyers! They take away the key of knowledge. — I say trust in God he will deliver his people. Go in faith & God will deliver you. Their

envy is all against me. — I feel that law, that shall go forth out of Zion, & the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. — Trust in that law, & God will deliver you. — I forbid all other law in my family.

At Harvard, in a time of great mortification, a large number of believers being assembled together, Mother came in to the room with a gift of reproof & said, "You are lacking of faith in the gifts & power of God. When I was in England, the wicked ones came with a mob to take me. When I had got out of the house, I felt a gift to sit down on the ground; & the power of God came upon me, & stretched out my arm, straight from my body, & I could not bring it back again".

The wicked came to take me up; but they had no power to move me; but were obliged to go away & leave me. And I believe that God is as able to preserve me through persecution & sufferings untill my work is done, as he was to stretch out my arm.

Father James said, "You must not say this is a great cross: that is crying, The burden of the Lord! How dare you say of that which is the will of the Lord, It is a great cross! You ought not to speak in this manner, but obey your faith, & it will lead you to the salvation of your soul. Be faithful, & we shall have one meeting together, which will never break up".

At Watervliet after Mothers return from the Eastward, as some of the Brethren & Sisters were expressing their faith & love to her, she said "You see me & my works, & you believe & are blessed; but I say blessed are they that have not seen, & yet believe. There will yet be thousands who will believe who have never seen my face in the flesh."

When Mother & the Elders were at at Woburn, there came a man of the world, desiring to see Mother & converse with her. Mother sent Elder James to talk with the man; but this did not satisfy him. Therefore Mother went in to the room, sat down by a window, & ~~began~~ reproved the man for his pride

Elder James again began to speak to him & Mother bid the man hear him. The man replied, "I do not want to hear him, I want to hear that woman!"

Mother then looked out at the window & said, "I see the heavens open & I see the glories of God" The mans countenance turned pale, & he said no more.

At another time there came a priest to see Mother & the Elders, & said, "I understand that you say that you are perfect; but Job said, If I should say I am perfect, I should prove my self perverse!" Elder James replied God said that Job was a perfect man; I will therefore believe God, rather than you, or Job. The man went away confounded.

On a particular occasion Mother spoke to Gideon Turner as follows "You must labor to bless God, & God will bless you. Where ever you are, what ever trials you meet with, or what ever you may suffer, always remember to bless God, & then you will allways feel a blessing." Gideon testifies he has found the truth of this by experience

At one time Father James was greatly exercised, in soul & body, & he testified, saying; "The judgement of God is coming, & it is near at hand." It was then about the middle of the day, & very clear. About two hours afterwards there came a dreadful hail-storm, which broke the windows, & beat down the grain in such a manner, that the brethren ploughed it in, the next day & planted the ground with indian corn. The seed onions were headed; but out of many bushels that were planted, but one head escaped the dreadful storm.

Father James, & all who were present kneeled down in prayer to God. After this he spoke & said. "Altho the fig tree shall not blossom, neither fruit be found in the vine; the labour of the olive shall fail, & the fields yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, & there be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Amen.

Finis

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